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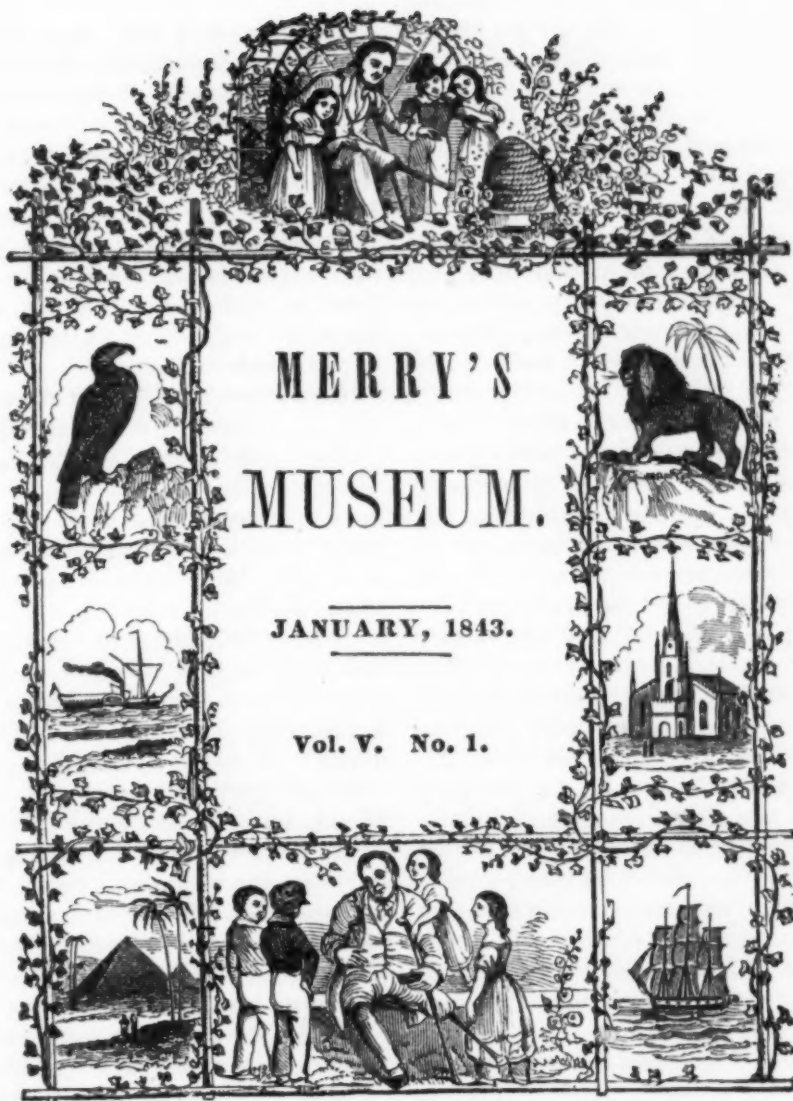
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A New-Year's Bow.

WELL, here we are again at the opening of a new year! It might seem that New-Year's day had come so often as to have lost its interest; that by repetition it would become stale; that the words, "I wish you a happy new year!" would cease to excite the slightest regard. But

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it is not so. New-Year's day seems always to take us by a kind of pleasant surprise, and never fails to be welcomed by old and young, boys and girls. It has been said by some old writers, that such anniversaries as this of New-Year's day, are, in the journey of life, like mile-

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stones along the road, marking the distance we have travelled, and informing us of the position we occupy in respect to the beginning and end of our existence. If, indeed, we were to use them as such; if, on New-Year's day, we were accustomed to look over our past lives, to compare what we have done with what is required of us; to see when we have performed, and when failed in, our duty; to mourn over past errors and neglect, and adopt new resolutions of improvement for the future—then, indeed, would New-Year's day be an instructive mile-stone on our journey, a point of reckoning of the greatest benefit; and then it would not pass by as a mere thoughtless holiday of pleasant speeches and profitless amusement.

And why, blue eyes and black eyes!—tell me why we should not thus use our New-Year's day—or at least a little piece of it? I will not ask you to give the whole day to a moral lecture. No! You may partake freely of the frolics and festivities of the day; you may greet all your friends and companions with that pleasant salutation—"A happy new year!" It is a cheerful sound, especially when uttered from child to child; from the child to the parent; from friend to friend. And you may engage in the various amusements of the season, as freely as if old Bob Merry were a child again, and romping with you, the gayest of the gay.

But, after your sports are done, just sit down in the chimney corner, with me. Don't be afraid, for I am not about to scold you; or if I do scold a little, remember that I shall do it in all kindness; remember that I am like old Baldwin's dog, who had lost his teeth,—my bark is worse than my bite. So, here we are! Now sit still, boys; don't giggle, you girls! John, Tom, Peter, silence! I am about to tell you a story of New-Year's day

THE TWO TRAVELLERS.

Once upon a time, two young men, who were friends, set out to travel in distant countries. Before they departed, each one had formed a plan of proceeding. Horace determined to give himself up entirely to pleasure; to go wherever his humor might dictate; and to keep no records of his adventures. In short, he resolved to enjoy himself as much as possible, and by no means to encumber his mind with cares, duties, or troubles of any kind.

Ronald was as fond of amusement as Horace, but the mode he adopted for the gratification of his wishes was quite different. In the first place, he made out a scheme of his travels; he procured maps, read books, and, after mature deliberation, adopted a certain route, as most likely to afford him pleasure as well as instruction. In the formation of this plan he spent several weeks, and in this occupation he found quite as much satisfaction as he afterwards did in travelling. Thus he obtained one great advantage over his idle and luxurious friend, who foolishly thought that the essence of enjoyment lay in freedom from thought, restraint, and toil. Even before they set out on their journey, Ronald had actually found nearly as much pleasure as Horace received in the whole course of his expedition.

Well; the two young men started together, and as we are speaking of ancient days, when there were no coaches, canals, or railroads, we must tell you that both set out on foot. They had not proceeded far before they separated, Horace taking one road and Ronald another.

After the lapse of three years they both returned; but what a difference between them! Horace was sour and dissatisfied; he had seen a good deal of the world, but as he had travelled with

no other design than to gratify himself from hour to hour, he had soon exhausted the cup of pleasure, and found nothing at the bottom but the bitter dregs of discontent. He pursued pleasure, till at last he found the pursuit to be distasteful and revolting. He grew tired, even of amusement. He indulged his tastes, humors, and passions, until indulgence itself was disgusting. When he returned to his friends, he had laid up nothing in his memory, by the relation of which he could amuse them; he had kept no record of things he had seen; he brought back no store of pleasing and useful recollections for himself, or others. Such was the result of three years' travel for pleasure.

It was quite otherwise with Ronald. Adhering to his plans, he visited a great variety of places, and each day he recorded in his journal what he had seen. Whenever he met with an interesting object, he stopped to contemplate it; if it was some aged relic, famous in history, he took pains to investigate its story, and to write it down. If it was an object of interest to the eye, he made a sketch of it in the book which he kept for the purpose.

In this way, Ronald accomplished three good objects. In the first place, by taking in pleasure in a moderate way, and mixed with a little toil and industry, he prevented that cloying surfeit, which at last sickened and disgusted Horace. Horace took pleasure at wholesale, as a boy eats honey by the spoonful, and soon got sick of it. Ronald took his honey, on a slice of bread, and while he enjoyed it heartily, his appetite continued as good as before.

In the second place, Ronald greatly increased his enjoyments by the plan he adopted. Merely executing a plan is agreeable, and a source of great pleasure. It is natural to derive happiness from following out a design; from seeing

hour by hour, day by day, how results come about, in conformity to our intentions. But this was not the only advantage which Ronald received from his system. The very toil he bestowed; the investigations he made; the pleasant thoughts and curious knowledge that were unfolded to his mind; the excitement he found in his exertions; the pleasure he took in drawing picturesque scenes; all these things constituted a rich harvest of pleasure, which was wholly denied to Horace. Thus it was that labor and industry, exerted in carrying out a plan, afforded the young traveller a vast deal of gratification. The very things that Horace looked upon as hateful, were, in fact, the sources of his rival's most permanent enjoyment.

In the third place, Ronald had come back laden with rich stores of knowledge, observation and experience. Not only was his journal rich in tales, legends, scenes, incidents, and historical records, but in putting these things down on paper, his memory had been improved, and he had acquired the habit of observing and remembering. His mind was full of pleasant things, and nothing could be more interesting than to sit down and hear him tell of his travels and of what he had seen. While Horace was dull, silent, and sour, Ronald was full of conversation, life, and interest. The one was happy, the other unhappy; one was agreeable, the other disagreeable; one had exhausted the cup of pleasure, the other seemed always to have the cup full and sparkling before him. It was agreed on all hands, that Horace was a bore, and everybody shunned him; while Ronald was considered by all a most agreeable fellow, and everybody sought his society.

So much for the two travellers; one, a luxurious lover of pleasure, who thought only of the passing moment, and in his folly, abused and threw away

his powers of enjoyment; the other, a lover of pleasure also, but who pursued it moderately, with a wise regard to the future, and careful attention, every day, to rules of duty; and who thus secured his true happiness.

Now, my young friends, this is rather a dull story; but there is truth in it. Though it be New-Year's day, still, remember that every day has its duties, for those who would live and be happy, like our hero, Ronald. And what is the peculiar duty of this day? Let me tell you.

We should all of us consider the past year; and reflect whether we have done our duty to God, to our neighbor, and to ourselves. Do we love our Maker, our Redeemer, better than when the past year opened upon us? Is our reverence, our confidence, in him stronger? Do we live more habitually in his presence? Do we yearn more and more to please him, to be like him?

Do we love our friends, neighbors, all that we see and meet, better? Are we more ready to forgive injuries? More earnest to promote peace? More self-sacrificing; more regardful of the feelings, wants, and wishes of others? Are we carefully cultivating the garden of the heart; cherishing its flowers, and weeding out its noxious passions?

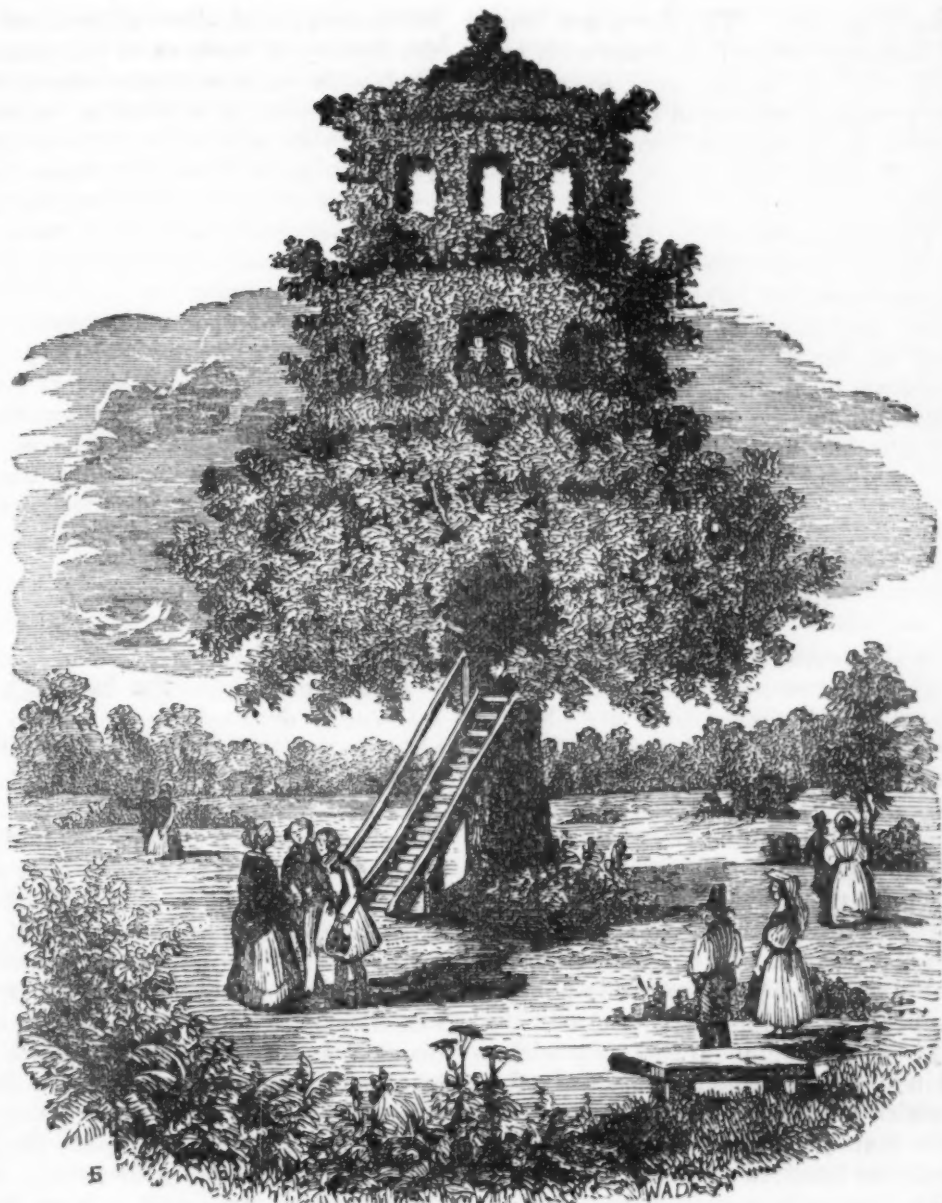
These are questions which we should put to ourselves, this New-Year's evening; and if we can answer them in the affirmative, it is well; but if not, let us make new and vigorous resolutions to give a better account of the opening year.

Do not be frightened from your duty by the idea that such thoughts as these I suggest, are distasteful or painful, remember the story of the two travellers; remember that if you adopt a good plan, the pursuit of it will unfold new and unexpected pleasures. Remember that all play and no reflection, is like unmixed

honey, cloying to the appetite; remember that a mixture of duty enhances pleasure itself, at the same time improving the faculties and keeping the relish always fresh. And remember one thing more, which is this: the heart needs your constant care. Let me ask your attention to a homely practice in the country—that of putting down a barrel of meat. You notice that a quantity of salt is always put into it; for we all know that otherwise the meat would become an offensive mass. It is so with the human heart: it needs the salt—it needs a sense of duty, to keep it from spoiling! Oh, my young friends, think of this; and save your bosoms from becoming tainted with sin, and vice, and crime!

Fidelity of a Negro Servant.

DR. L., a respectable gentleman, was confined for some time in the King's Bench prison, London, while his fortune, on account of a law-suit, was unjustly withheld from him. During this distress, he was obliged to tell his negro servant, that, however painful to his feelings, they must part; his difficulties being so great that he was unable to provide for him the necessaries of life. The negro, whose name was Bob, replied, "No, master, we will never part. Many a year have you kept me and fed me, and clothed me, and treated me kindly; and now I will keep you." Accordingly, Bob went out to work as a day-laborer; and, at the end of every week, faithfully brought his earnings to his master. These proved sufficient for the support of them both, until, the law-suit being ended, Dr. L. became possessed of a large fortune. He then settled a handsome sum on his faithful servant.



The Maple Tree Temple at Matibo, in Italy.

THE beautiful tree which our engraving represents, is one of the most curious ornaments of a charming estate called Matibo, situated in the neighborhood of Savigliano, in Piedmont. It was planted more than sixty years ago, but it is not more than twenty-five or thirty years

since the idea was started of making it grow in the form of a temple, which, after much time and perseverance, was completely realized.

This elegant little edifice consists of two stories, each of which has eight windows, and is capable of containing

twenty persons. The floors are formed of branches twined together with great skill, and by nature are covered with leafy carpets; all round the verdure has formed thick walls, where a great number of birds have taken up their sojourn.

The proprietor of the island of Matibo has never disturbed those joyous little songsters, but has rather encouraged them; and at all hours of the day they may be heard fearlessly sporting and warbling, by the delighted visitors, who, looking from the windows, admire the prospect that opens before them.

The Lost Found.

In the southeastern part of France is a range of mountains called the Cevennes. The highest points are about as elevated as Mount Washington, in New Hampshire. These mountains are remarkable for their wild, rugged, and broken character, and for the furious storms and tempests to which they are subject. In winter the snow falls to a great depth, and sometimes the inhabitants, being buried in the drifts, cut arch-ways beneath, and thus pass from one house to another.

These wild regions are not only celebrated in history as being the places of refuge to which the Huguenots retreated during their fearful and bloody persecution—about two hundred and fifty years ago—but as producing a race of people of peculiarly adventurous habits. Surrounded by natural objects of a savage aspect—grisly rocks, dark cavernous ravines—and trees hoary with age; their memories tinged with the traditionary romances attached to their ancestors; battling day by day with a sterile soil and a rugged climate for subsistence; often disputing with the bear and the wolf their very

habitations; and, above all, touched with the lights and shadows of religion, mingled with various superstitions; these people present an interesting subject of regard to the student of human nature. Leaving them to the philosophers, however, it is our present design merely to tell a story which may shed some little light on the modes of life which prevail among these people.

In a little hamlet embosomed in the mountains, lived Pierre Bec, a poor laborer, with his only daughter, Aimee. Their house was of rough stone, laid in mud, and covered with pieces of bark as a roof. Here they dwelt with no other companions than a dog, named Tonnerre, which, in English, means *thunder*.

Aimee's mother died when she was an infant; and after she could run alone, the little girl was left pretty much to her own guidance. The hamlet where she dwelt, consisted of only a dozen hovels, much like her own home. These were situated on an elevated ridge, in the very bosom of the mountain, and surrounded with wooded cliffs and dizzy precipices. A scene more wild, remote and lonely could scarcely be imagined.

Here Aimee grew to the age of nine years, and at that period she had not only become familiar with the scenes around, but, like the wild goats, she could climb the cliffs and thread the dells as fearlessly as if she had wings to support her, in case her foot should slide. Nor was this all. She could even go to the market town of Laperdu, a distance of seven miles, and return in the course of the day, having carried and sold a pair of stockings which had been made with her own hands.

In all these mountain excursions, old Tonnerre was the constant companion of Aimee, and he contributed not a little to her amusement. His activity knew no bounds. He must plunge into every thicket; put his head into every

cave and crevice; smell up the larger trees; course through the ravines, and take, in short, a careful survey of the country over which they passed. He must banter with every squirrel that took refuge in the trees, daring him down with many a noisy shout. He must give chase to every hare that glanced across his path. He must mark the track of the wolf and bear with cries and howls of defiance, though in such cases he used to keep near his mistress, either for her safety or his own.

Such was Aimee, and such old Tonnerre, the hero and heroine of our tale, when, on a fine summer morning, they set out on a visit to Laperdu. They reached the place, and on their return were about two miles from their home, when one of the violent thunder storms, common in the mountains, began to darken the sky. It was already sunset, and in a few minutes the darkness became intense; at the same time the rain began to fall in torrents. In a short space, the ravines were spouting with waterfalls, and torrents were dashing madly down the glens. At the same time the roar of the thunder was perpetual, and the lightning, flash on flash, seemed to array the scene in garments of fire. Accustomed to such scenes, Aimee pushed on, following the lead of the dog, who kept close, and with fidgety anxiety turned round at every step to fortify her heart with a look of cheerfulness and courage. There was that in his face which seemed to say, "Don't mind it, my dear little mistress—don't mind it—it's nothing but thunder and lightning, and wind, and rain, and tempest, and dark night, and we'll get the better of it all, yet. Keep a good heart, and we'll soon be home!"

Aimee did keep a good heart, but the storm was indeed fearful; and at last a bolt of lightning, falling upon a tree near by, tore it in splinters, and dashed the little girl to the ground. Here she lay,

in a state of insensibility. The dog came to her side, and in a beseeching howl, seemed to try to awaken her. He at last began licking her face, but all was in vain. He remained with the poor girl till it was near morning, when, having used every art and device of which he was master, to recall her to consciousness, he set off with a round gallop for the hamlet. Panting and out of breath, he rushed up to his master, and with a piteous howl, did all he could to tell his melancholy story.

Pierre knew at once that something had befallen his child. He instantly announced his fears to his neighbors, who rallied at his call, and set out in search of Aimee. Her absence during the night had been remarked, and all the people had feared some accident, though Pierre had solaced himself with the idea that Aimee had been kept at Laperdu by the storm.

Tonnerre took the lead, and bounded forward like a deer. He went in long leaps, his hinder heels flying high in the air at every jump. He whined, howled, and came often back upon his track, as if to hasten forward the too tardy party. At last Pierre, who was the most anxious, and the leader of the group, came near the place where Aimee had fallen. The dog then leaped forward, and placing himself by the side of the girl, once more licked her face. She instantly raised herself so as to sit up, and putting her arms around the neck of her friend, embraced him, while the tears began to flow down her cheeks. Her father soon arrived, and the rest of the party coming up, all were rejoiced to find the poor girl unhurt. She was a little bewildered, and it was not until after several minutes, that she was able to tell her story. At last she arose upon her feet on her wooden shoes, which had been knocked off by the lightning, and went home.

An occasion like this, would be no-

ticed with pleasure, in any country; but these wild mountaineers appear to be peculiarly sensible to everything that is beautiful, even though it be but a display of the activity with which animals are endowed by their Creator. Accordingly, the tale we have told,

was commemorated by an anniversary; every year, on the day in which the event occurred, the people used to go to a wild spot in the mountain, where a dog was wreathed with flowers, in honor of the feats of old Tonnerre.



The Snow Man.

OF all the sports of winter, I know of none that used to delight me more, when I was a boy, than the making of a snow man. To do this successfully, it required what is called a moist snow, so that it would adhere like mortar, and take any desirable shape.

And of all the fellows I ever knew, for this kind of sculpture, Bill Keeler—the companion of my early days—was the cleverest. He could indeed turn his hand to anything, and such was his dexterity, that whatever was going forward, he seemed always to take the lead. If we were skating, Bill was sure to cut the most fantastic circles and evolutions, and beat the best at a race. If we were

leaping, Bill went just an inch further than the largest boys of the party. At a hop, either on the left or right foot, he surpassed his competitors by a quarter of a yard. In setting a trap for a woodchuck; smoking out a fox; coming Yankee over a rat; making wind-mills, kites, or chestnut whistles, Bill was the transcendent workman of the village.

But in nothing was his genius more conspicuous than in making a snow man. In this, as in sculpture, the great art lies more in the model, the design, than the finish. Bill's figures, in this line, always meant something. He did not leave the effect to accident—not he! He knew what he was about, and could

always accomplish, by the skill of his hand, what his mind conceived. I remember one remarkable instance of this.

In the days of which I speak, economy was a great point in matters touching the town-school; and consequently it was customary to employ cheap schoolmasters. A man who failed in everything else, was supposed to be fit to teach a school. According to this rule, one William Picket, was deemed worthy to preside over the West Lane Seminary, in Salem, some forty years ago, particularly as he underbid everybody else.

Picket was essentially a dunce, and believed that there was more sense, knowledge, and virtue in a birch stick, than in anything else. Accordingly, his chief efforts consisted in applying it to his pupils. At the same time he was a man of uncouth appearance. His neck was long—his nose prominent—the nostrils flaring, and always lined with snuff. His ears were large, and stood aloof from his head, like two mushrooms upon sharp stones.

Well, during the administration of Mr. William Picket, there came a fall of snow, about two feet deep, moist and malleable,—and “hurra!” it was for a snow man! Bill, who, by this time, was as celebrated in this species of fine art, as our Boston Greenough is in making marble statues, at once took the matter in hand. Up rolled the snow in huge masses, and Bill stood ready to give it shape and conformation. I recollect perfectly well the queer, quizzical air with which he presided over the operation. He said nothing, but held the point of his tongue, half twisted, like an auger, between his teeth.

The image grew into life rapidly, beneath his magic hand. At last it was done, and all at once the wonderful resemblance it bore to the schoolmaster flashed upon the spectators. What a

shout rose to the sky! The long neck—the trumpet-shaped proboscis—the flaring ears—it was impossible to mistake them—it was impossible to resist the ludicrous likeness.

Many a wild thought was now suggested. “Let us give him a lesson in birch!” said one. “Let us snowball him!” said another. But all this time Master Picket was looking out of the school-house window, and I must say that he had the sense to take the joke. Alas for poor Bill! how his jacket was strapped that day! But so it is—genius is often made to suffer, and my friend consoled himself that, like many great men whose story is told in history, his very cleverness was the cause of his misfortunes.

AN INTELLIGENT HORSE.—We read an anecdote the other day of a horse in England, belonging to a brewery, which is so tractable that he is left without restraint, to walk about the yard, and return to the stable as he pleases. In this yard there are some pigs, which are fed entirely on grain and corn, which the horse has taken a great dislike to. This he manifests in the most striking manner. There is a deep trough in the yard, which holds water for the horses, to which this one goes alone, with his mouth full of corn, which he saves from his own supply. When he reaches the trough, he lets the corn fall near it on the ground, and when the young swine approach to eat it, he suddenly seizes one by the tail, pops him into the trough, and then capers about the yard, seemingly delighted with the frolic. The noise of the pig soon brings the men to his assistance, who know from experience what is the matter, while the horse indulges in all kinds of antics, and then quietly returns to the stable.

True Stories.

A WARNING TO THOUGHTLESS BOYS.—In the autumn of 1842, as the *Queen* of the Isles steamer was on her passage from Liverpool to Douglas, Isle of Man, when about thirty miles from her destination, Mr. M'Fee, the chief mate, discerned an object at some distance in the water, and, on approaching it more nearly, it turned out to be a small boat, about four or five miles distant. On viewing the object with his telescope, he could see a person sitting in the stern, apparently in distress, and he immediately ordered the steamer to make all possible despatch towards the boat, and made every necessary preparation to render assistance.

On nearing the boat, a little boy was plainly seen using an almost expiring effort to keep it in the direction of the steamer, which was soon very near it. A rope was immediately thrown out, which the lad seized with a convulsive effort. To describe the scene when the boat was alongside the steamer is impossible—it was most heart-rending. There sat a little boy, twelve years of age, the boat having in it six inches depth of water, and the youth almost in a state of nudity, without shoes or stockings, cold and emaciated—indeed, all but dead. When on board the steamer he was immediately conveyed to bed, and Mr. Sigston, surgeon, who was a passenger, took him under his special care, and rendered every possible assistance and attention which his deplorable situation required.

When the vessel arrived at Douglas, the little fellow was given into the charge of the town surgeon, and has since been doing well. It turned out that the lad, whose name is Barney Smith, had, along with several other lads about his own age, got into the boat on Saturday evening, when it was anchored on the

Douglas Sands; the other lads leaped out of the boat, took up the anchor, and pushed poor Barney off to sea.

They at once discovered the mischief they had done, and, being afraid of the consequences, ran away and did not mention the circumstance. Poor Barney was consequently drifted out to sea, and had remained afloat from Saturday till the time when he was providentially taken up by the steamer, at four o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, a space of three days and three nights. He had a small quantity of meal and a little bread in a bag, of which he states he did not eat, as his thirst was so intolerable and his mouth so dry and parched, that he could not swallow it. He had only had salt water to drink, which increased his thirst, and he fancied that he slept one whole night and day. There can be no doubt that he had an almost miraculous delivery, as, soon after he was taken up, there was a severe gale and a heavy sea.—*Carlisle Patriot*.

KINDNESS AND SAGACITY OF THE ASS. The following anecdote of the sagacity of an ass, and the attachment displayed by the animal to his master, may help, in some degree, to redeem that ill-used race from a portion of the *load* of stupidity which is generally assigned to them, and which, with so many other *loads*, they bear with such exemplary patience.

Thomas Brown, residing near Hawick, England, travelled the country as a pedler, having an ass, the partner of his trade. From suffering under a paralytic affection, he was in the habit of assisting himself on the road by keeping hold of the crupper of the saddle, or more frequently the *tail* of the ass. During a severe winter, some years ago, whilst on one of his journeys, near Rule water, "the old man and his ass" were suddenly plunged into a wreath of snow

There they lay long, far from help, and ready to perish. At length the poor ass, after a severe struggle, got out; but finding his unfortunate master absent, he eyed the wreath for some time with a wistful look, and at last forced his way through it to where his master still lay, when, placing his body in such a position as to afford a firm grasp of the tail, the honest pedler was thereby enabled to take his accustomed hold, and was actually dragged out by the faithful beast to a place of safety!

A TEST OF CHRISTIANITY. A Christian gentleman had occasion to travel through a new and thickly-settled part of the western country. His companion was a man of intelligence, but of infidel principles, who was fond of discussion, and tried to beguile the way by urging arguments against the truth of the Christian religion. The thinly peopled section of country through which they were passing, was inhabited by people of bad reputation, and it had been rumored that travellers had suffered fatal violence from them when they were within their power.

As regular inns were unknown, our travellers were compelled to trust to the hospitality of those of whom they could not but entertain a secret fear. On one occasion, as the evening closed in, they sought a lodging-place in a log cabin, far remote from other habitations. They anticipated but little comfort; and were induced to believe that it would be a measure of safety to watch alternately through the night.

As they were about to retire to their rude bed, their host, whose exterior had excited their distrust, proceeding to a shelf, took down an old and much worn Bible, and informing his visitors that it was his custom to worship God in his family, he read and prayed in so simple and sincere a manner as to se-

cure the esteem of the travellers. They retired to rest, slept soundly, and thought no more of alternate watching.

In the morning, the Christian requested his infidel companion to say whether the religious exercises of the preceding evening had not dispelled every particle of distrust of their host's character, and had not enabled him to close his eyes in the most confident security. He was evidently embarrassed by the question; but at length he candidly acknowledged that the sight of the Bible had secured him a sound night's rest. Here was a testimony, extorted from an infidel, in favor of the influence of the religion which he skeptically assailed. He could not harbor a fear of violence from one who was in the habit of daily bending his knee before God! The very erection of the family altar rendered the house a secure asylum! Who would not be a Christian? Who can be an infidel?

A TAHITIAN CHRISTIAN. Maree, a native of the island of Otaheite or Tahiti, was a man of fine natural talents and was not destitute of acquired ones; being able to read and write well, and acquainted with some of the first rules of arithmetic. He was possessed of a surprising memory, a quick perception, and a good understanding, with a sound and penetrating judgment; while, to crown all, he was a man of genuine piety and ardent zeal in the Savior's cause. He was one of the first, who, under the preaching of the missionaries, publicly embraced Christianity among these islanders; and before it became general, his life was often in jeopardy, through his profession of it. More than one attempt was made, by a number of violent men, to shoot him and a little praying company, who used to meet with him that they might together worship the true God.

On one occasion, these lawless men having found him and his little party at prayer in a place appropriated for the purpose, levelled their muskets at them, with a view to execute their cruel designs, when, as though withheld by an unseen arm, their attention was arrested by the prayers offering up by the intended victims of their fury. The effect was instantaneous and powerful. Abandoning their murderous purpose, they went in and sat down with Maree and his company, confessed what their intentions had been, and told them not to be afraid, as they should not molest them any more; which promise they kept.

Maree was much respected among the people, both for his piety and talents, and also, as having been made a judge from the esteem entertained for him by Pomare, the king; because, as the latter used to say, "he had embraced Christianity at the mouth of the musket," and for his persevering attachment to his profession, and moreover, as the king said, "because he knew Maree would regard the laws and do justice."

SIR MATTHEW HALE. This great man, who was a famous judge in England about two hundred years ago, in writing to his children on the duties they were called to observe, thus speaks of the Sabbath:—

"I have by long and sound experience found that the due observance of this day and the duties of it, hath been of singular comfort and advantage to me. The observance of this day hath ever had joined to it a blessing upon the rest of my time; and the week that hath been so begun hath been blessed and prospered to me; and, on the other side, when I have been negligent of the duties of this day, the rest of the week has been unsuccessful and unhappy to my own secular employments; so that I could easily make an estimate of my

successes the week following, by the manner of my passing this day; and this I do not write lightly or inconsiderately, but upon a long and sound observation and experience."

DAVID SAUNDERS,—THE SHEPHERD OF SALISBURY PLAIN. Most of our readers are acquainted with that beautiful story written by Hannah More, entitled "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain." The substance of this narrative is a correct account of David Saunders, of West Lavington, England, who died about the period of its publication. The conversation represented as passing between the shepherd and a Mr. Johnston, really took place with Dr. Stonehouse, a neighboring clergyman, who befriended the shepherd on many occasions.

Dr. Stonehouse, who was on a journey, and somewhat fearful, from the appearance of the sky, that rain was at hand, accosted the shepherd by asking him what sort of weather it would be on the morrow. "It will be such weather as pleases me!" said the shepherd. Though the answer was delivered in the mildest and civilest tone that could be imagined, Dr. S. thought the words themselves rather rude and surly, and asked him how that could be. "Because," replied the shepherd, "it will be such weather as pleases God, and whatever pleases him, always pleases me."

Dr. S. was quite satisfied with this reply, and entered into conversation with the shepherd in the following manner: "Yours is a troublesome life, honest friend." "To be sure, sir," replied the shepherd, "'tis not a very lazy life; but 'tis not near so toilsome as that which my Great Master led for my sake. He had every state and condition of life at his choice, and chose a hard one, while I only submit to the lot that is appointed me." "You are exposed to great cold

and heat," said the gentleman. "True, sir," said the shepherd, "but then, I am not exposed to great temptations; and so throwing one thing against another, God is pleased to contrive to make things more equal than we poor, ignorant, short-sighted creatures are apt to think. David was happier when he kept his father's sheep, on such a plain as this, and singing some of his own psalms, perhaps, than ever he was when he became king of Israel and Judah; and I dare say we should never have had some of the most beautiful texts in all those fine psalms, if he had not been a shepherd, which enabled him to make so many fine comparisons and similitudes, as one may say, from a country life, flocks of sheep, hills, valleys and fountains of water."

"You think, then," said the gentleman, "that a laborious life is a happy one?"

"I do, sir, and more especially so as it exposes a man to fewer sins. If king Saul had continued a poor laborious man to the end of his days, he might have lived happy and honest, and died a natural death in his bed at last; which you know, sir, was more than he did. But, I speak with reverence, for it was divine Providence overruled all that, you know, sir, and I do not presume to make comparisons. Beside, sir, my employment has been particularly honored. Moses was a shepherd in the plains of Midian. It was to shepherds keeping their flocks by night, that the angels appeared in Bethlehem, to tell the best news—the gladdest tidings that were ever revealed to poor sinful men; often and often has the thought warmed my poor heart in the coldest night, and filled me with more joy and thankfulness than the best supper could have done."

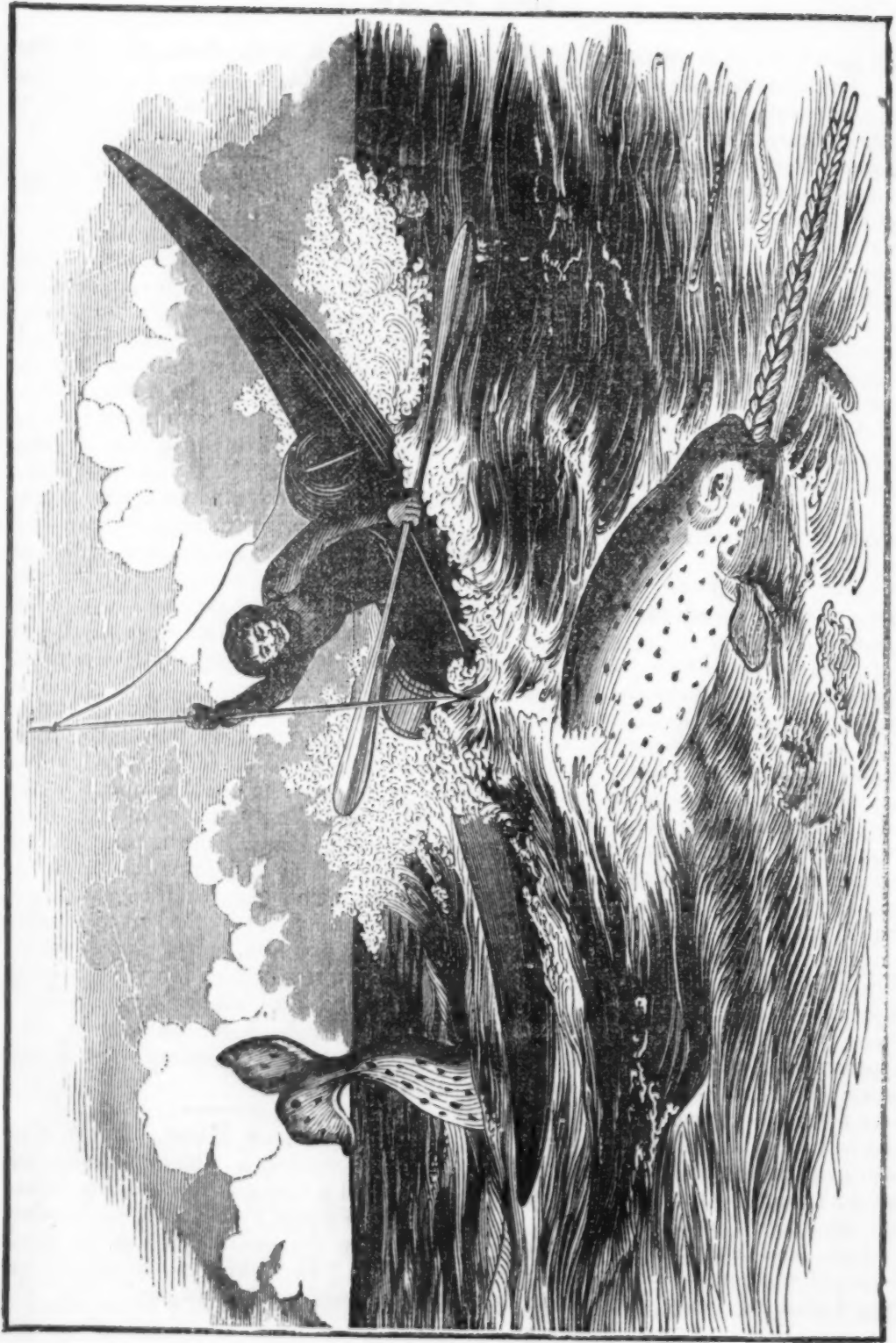
This poor shepherd had indeed a depth of wisdom, which infinitely surpassed that of many learned philoso-

phers. How often have they studied the ways of God, without being able to discern them—while all was plain to David Saunders.

AN INDIAN'S ILLUSTRATION OF SCRIPTURE. Some years ago one of the preachers of the Mohegan Indians, near Norwich, in Connecticut, was preaching on the language of Solomon, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days." Eccles. xi. 1. To illustrate his subject, and enforce the duty of benevolence, he related a circumstance connected with his early days, as follows: "A certain man was going from Norwich to New London, with a loaded team; on attempting to ascend the hill where Indian lives, he found his team could not draw the load; he came to Indian, and got him to help him with his oxen. After he had got up, he asked Indian what there was to pay. Indian told him to do as much for somebody else.

"Some time afterward, Indian wanted a canoe; he went up Shetucket river, found a tree and made him one. When he got it done, he could not get it to the river; accordingly, he went to a man, and offered him all the money he had; if he would go and draw it to the river for him. The man said he would go. After getting it to the river, Indian offered to pay him. 'No,' said the man; 'don't you recollect, so long ago, helping a man up the hill by your house?' 'Yes.' 'Well, I am the man; take your canoe and go home.' So I find it after many days."

THE FORCE OF HABIT. Some time since, Lowndes, a tippling bookseller, presented a check at the banking house of Sir William Curtis & Co., London, and upon the cashier putting the usual question, "How will you have it?" replied, "*cold, without sugar.*"



The Narval, or Sea-Unicorn.

AMONG all the variety of weapons with which nature has armed her various tribes, there is not one so large or so formidable as the tusk of the narval. This terrible weapon is generally found single, and some are of opinion that the animal is only furnished with one by nature; but there is ample proof of instances to the contrary, for a narval with two teeth was for some time to be seen at the Stadthouse, at Amsterdam. The tooth, or horn of the sea-unicorn, is as straight as an arrow, is wreathed, and tapers to a sharp point; and is whiter, heavier, and harder than ivory.

The form of the sea-unicorn, as may be seen from the engraving prefixed to this article, resembles that of the dolphin, the head being about the seventh part of the body; the mouth is exceedingly small when compared to the enormous bulk of the animal, the eyes keen, and the nostrils placed on the top of the head.

The narval varies in color according to age; when young, the back is grayish, with small spots of a dark hue; and when full grown, is whitish, with small brown or gray spots, which vary much in their depth of color.

The sea-unicorn is generally found about Greenland and Iceland, but it is said that one has been seen near Boston. They swim with great rapidity, and are rendered formidable by their tusks, which they sometimes bury in the sides of a ship, or in the body of the whale. They are generally seen in numbers, and whenever they are attacked they crowd together in such a manner that they embarrass each other by their tusks.

"We one day saw," says Scoresby, in his 'Voyage to Greenland,' "a great

number of narvals, that swam near us in parties of fifteen to twenty; the majority of them were males, and had very long horns, or tusks, and seemed to be enjoying themselves by raising their horns above the water, and crossing them as if fencing. During their play they made a very strange noise, as if water were gurgling in their throats, which was probably the case, as the noise was only heard when they lifted their heads above the water. The greater number, apparently attracted by curiosity, followed the vessel, and as the water was clear, we could plainly see them go down to the keel and play with the rudder."

The narval lives upon small fish, and not, as Cravez has asserted, upon sea-plants. Scoresby, in the following passage, confirms our statement:—

"My father sent me the contents of the stomach of a narval, which appeared to me very extraordinary. It consisted of small fishes half digested, with the bones and fins of others, besides the fragments of cuttlefish, which seemed to constitute its principal food. There was a part of the back-bone of a turbot, fragments of another, with one almost entire—this was about two feet three inches long, and one foot eight inches broad. It is strange that the narval, without teeth, and having a very small mouth, apparently inflexible lips, and a short tongue, is able to seize and swallow a fish about three times larger than its mouth. As the animal in which these extraordinary contents were found was a male, with a tusk of seven feet, I think that this weapon had been used to catch the fish which had recently been made his prey. It is probable that the turbot had been pierced and killed before devoured, otherwise it is difficult to imagine how the narval was able to seize it or how a fish of such activity as the turbot would allow itself to be taken by

one with smooth lips, without teeth to catch, and without the means of holding it."

The sea-unicorn, like the whale, is often used as food, and is, in fact, more valuable than any other cetaceous animal, as the oil which it furnishes is considered the best.

An anecdote relative to narval fishing, which we believe to be true, may not be unacceptable to our readers.

Etienne Turgot was one of the most respectable fishermen of Greenland, and from his expertness in spearing and harpooning the narval and the whale, was respected by all his craft. He had a wife, on whom he doted; and a son, a boy of seven years of age, whose daring disposition and fear-nought character were often the cause of many a sad hour to the mother; but it warmed the father's heart to see in his offspring the same wild spirit that had characterized his own young days,—to hear of a miraculous escape, which reminded him of some of the hazardous scenes of his own daring boyhood.

For several months the son (Pierre,) had his mind bent on going out on a fishing excursion with his father; and when the parent returned home at night, the first thing that saluted his ears was, "Father, I must go to-morrow."

The indulgent parent, after much persuasion, at last consented; and the following morning was fixed for the desired expedition.

Pierre slept but little; for his night was spent in dreams. At one time he was chased by a whale, or some other monster of the deep; at another he was making his way home with one on his back. At last morning came, and up he got to wake his father; and shortly afterwards they were gliding along in their light boat—the parent on the lookout for narvals, the son gazing into the

crystal element, shouting, from time to time,—

"Oh! what a fish; I wish I could reach it!"

Thus they moved onwards, the father casting an occasional affectionate glance on the son, while the latter was too busy to see anything but the small fishes that were sporting beneath him.

After gazing for some time on the broad expanse of water, Etienne imagined that he saw something resembling a fish moving on the surface. On drawing nearer he perceived a horn projecting three feet out of the water, and nothing daunted, exclaimed,—

"Ah, ah; a narval!" Scarcely had he uttered these words, when he heard a plunge behind him; and on turning round, he discovered that his son had fallen into the water. The fond parent was about to plunge after him, when his eye caught sight of the tooth of the narval, which was rapidly gliding towards the place where Pierre was. Etienne stood for a moment horror-struck, gazing wildly at his son as he came up gurgling to the surface, then on the huge creature that was threatening to destroy the object of his affection. That presence of mind which had characterized his former actions in time of danger, did not forsake him at this critical moment. He seized his spear, fixed his keen eye upon the frightful animal, raised himself in the boat, and, aiming a thrust at its head, plunged into the water. For a moment nothing was to be seen; neither the father, son, nor fish. All was as if nothing had taken place, save that the water round the boat was tinged with blood. Was it that of one, or all of them? No, not of all; for, a few moments afterwards, Etienne reached the surface, bearing in his arms his cherished boy.

When once more safely seated in the boat, the father and son looked everywhere for the wounded fish and the lost

spear; but their search was in vain. At last they returned home; and on the husband telling his beloved spouse of the danger they had run, the terrified mother began to scold Pierre for his temerity; but the boy, accustomed to such rebukes, replied,—

“Ah, mother; if you had seen what

a beauty it was, you would not scold me. If my arm had been a little longer I am sure I should have caught it.”

Years have elapsed; and, in spite of all Pierre's solicitations, the prudent mother would not again hear of his accompanying his father on another fishing excursion.



Come and get it.

Come and get it, little pet—
Try again—you 'll have it yet!
'Tis a ring that sparkles bright,
And delights thy infant sight.
I wonder not, my little boy,
Thou art eager for the toy;
Grown-up people strive to grasp
The gold thy little hands would clasp.
Though we call thee silly boy,
Thus to love an idle toy,
Still, what better are the old,
Whose cherished bauble is but gold?
Are they not little children yet,
Like our little thoughtless pet,

Those who strive with eager lust
To gather heaps of shining dust?
Fare thee well, my little friend;
May thy mother o'er thee bend,
And whisper in thy tender heart,
A better love—a wiser part;
So that thou, to manhood grown,
May fix thy love on Truth, alone.
This is better, far, than gold,
This will serve thee, young or old;
This will brighter grow with years,
Cheer thee through this vale of tears;
And as current coin will pay
For all thy wants, on heaven's way.

Parley's Picture Book. New edition.

The Effects of Music on Animals.

MUSIC exercises extraordinary effects upon certain animals, and fully confirms the remark of Racine, that "Nature has given ears sensible of harmony even to brutes." We shall find that music subdues the rude dispositions of some; arouses the ferocity of others; renders some so docile and tame, that they may be approached without hesitation; while it makes others suspicious and frightened.

Gregory Nicene tells us of an *ape*, in the city of Alexandria, which, clothed in very rich attire, used to dance very exactly to music. Once he had continued the dance for a long time; but a beholder, having thrown him some nuts, he immediately left off dancing, and began to gather them, amidst the loud laughter of the spectators.

Old Franzius, a moralizing zoologist, compares this ape's conduct to that of those men in high office, who will neglect the public whenever private gain offers itself to them. This writer says, "a *bear* is extraordinarily delighted with music."

Paulus Diaconus and Olaus Magnus tell us, that "there are multitudes of bears in the south, which oftentimes will come to the shepherds and make them play to them till hunger forceth them to go away; and as soon as they are gone, the shepherd will sound his horn, by which they are so affrighted that they will never come any more."

Many *dogs* appear to be fond of music. Mr. Jesse observes, that "there is hardly a regimental band in the British service which is not attended by some particular dog, who owns no master, but picks up his living where he can; in fact, attaches itself to the band, and follows it from one quarter to another. These dogs are great favorites with the

soldiers, and they never ill-use them, or suffer others to do so."

M. Marville says, that while a man was playing upon a conch shell, he noticed a dog sitting on its hind legs looking steadfastly at the player for above an hour; and M. Le Cat observes, that we hear a dog howl, we see him weep, as it were, at a tune played upon a flute; but we see him quite lively in a field, at the sound of a French horn.

Bowyer states, that "a Scotch bagpiper traversing the mountains of Ulster, in Ireland, was one evening encountered by a starved *wolf*. In his distress, the poor man could think of nothing better than to open his wallet, and try the effects of his hospitality; he did so, and the savage swallowed all that was thrown to him with such a voracity that it seemed as if his appetite was just returning to him. The whole stock of provision was, of course, soon spent, and now his only recourse was to the virtues of his bagpipe; this the monster no sooner heard, than he took to the mountains with the same precipitation with which he had left them. The poor piper could not so perfectly enjoy his deliverance, but that, with an angry look at parting, he shook his head, saying, 'Ay, are these your tricks? had I known your humor, you should have had your music before supper.'"

Sparrman furnishes us with an anecdote of a trumpeter, who, by a similar expedient, saved himself from falling a prey to a prowling hyæna:—"One night," he says, "at a feast near the Cape, a trumpeter, who had got himself well filled with liquor, was carried out of doors, in order to cool and sober him. The scent of him soon attracted a *spotted hyæna*, which threw him on its back, and carried him away to Table Mountain, thinking him a corpse, and consequently a fair prize. In the mean time our drunken musician awoke sufficiently

sensible to know the danger of his situation, and to sound the alarm with his trumpet, which he carried fastened to his side. The beast, as may be easily imagined, was not less frightened in its turn, and ran away."

Sir Everard Home found that the effect of the higher notes of the pianoforte upon the great *lion* in Exeter 'Change, was only to excite his attention, which was very great, as he remained silent and motionless. But no sooner were the flat notes sounded, than he sprang up, attempted to break loose, lashed his tail, uttered the deepest yells, and seemed so furious and enraged as to frighten the ladies.

Franzius says, "the *tiger* cannot endure the sound of drums, which maketh him run mad, and tear himself to pieces." Valmont de Bomare saw, at the fair of St. Germain, *cats* turned musicians; their performance being announced as the "Mewing Concert." In the centre, was an ape beating time; and some cats were arranged on each side of him, with music before them on the stalls. At a signal from the ape, they regulated their mewing to sad or lively strains.

Seals have a most delicate sense of hearing, and delight in musical sounds; a fact not unknown to the ancients. Sir Walter Scott says,

"Rude Heiskar's seals, through surges dark,
Will long pursue the minstrel's bark."

Laing, in his "Voyage to Spitzbergen," states, that a numerous audience of seals would surround the vessel and follow it for miles when a violin was played on deck, as was often the case.

Music has been resorted to as a means of attracting rats, mice, and other mischievous animals, from out of their abodes. In the "Magazine of Natural History," it is stated, that the steward of a ship, infested with rats, used to play

some lively airs on a flute after he had baited his traps and placed them near the rat holes. The music, we are told, attracted the rats, who entered the traps unconscious of that danger, which, without this allurements, they would have instinctively avoided. In this way, it is said, the steward bagged from fifteen to twenty rats in about three hours. The *mouse* is no less pleased with music. "I have seen," says a writer on this subject, "several mice regularly come out of their holes and run about a school-room, whenever the boys were singing psalms." An officer, confined in the Bastille, at Paris, begged to be allowed to play on his lute, to soften his confinement by its harmonies. Shortly afterwards, when playing on the instrument, he was much astonished to see a number of mice frisking out of their holes, and many spiders descending from their webs, and congregating round him while he continued the music. Whenever he ceased, they dispersed; whenever he played again, they re-appeared. He soon had a far more numerous, if not a more respectable audience, amounting in all to about a hundred mice and spiders.

Sir Everard Home is disposed to think the elephant does not possess a musical ear. Suetonius tells us, however, that the Emperor Domitian had a troop of elephants disciplined to dance to the sound of music, and that one of them, which had been beaten for not having his lesson perfect, was observed on the following night to be practising by himself in a meadow.

The enterprising and lamented Clapperton informs us, that when he was departing on a warlike expedition from lake Muggaby, he had convincing proofs that the *hippopotami* are very sensibly affected by musical sounds, even by such as are not of the softest kinds. As the expedition passed along the banks of the lake at sunrise, these uncouth and stu-

pendous animals "followed the drums of the different chiefs the whole length of the water, sometimes approaching so close to the shore that the water they spouted from their mouths reached the persons who were passing along the bank. I counted fifteen at one time sporting on the surface; and my servant Columbus shot one of them in the head, when he gave so loud a roar, while he buried himself in the lake, that all the others disappeared in an instant."

M. Le Cat remarks, that the horse becomes highly animated at the sound of a trumpet. Franzius says, "the horse is very much delighted with any musical instrument, for he is observed sometimes even to weep with joy at it, but most of all he is pleased at the sound of a trumpet. Pliny, speaking of horses, mentioneth a sort of people in Italy that taught their horses to dance to the sound of a trumpet, which they used to do at great feasts; and therefore, when the enemy waged war with them, they had the best trumpets they could get, by which the enemy's horses were so transported that they would leap and dance, and run with their masters on their backs into their enemy's camp."

"And when the drum beats briskly in the gale,
The war-worn courser charges at the sound,
And with young vigor wheels the pasture round."

Rogers's Pleasures of Memory, Part I.

Shakespeare has taken notice of the horse's sensibility to music, in the following passage:—

"Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their
ears,
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses,
As they smelt music."

Tempest, Act iv. Sc. 1.

The instances of the attractive influence of music on animals are very curious; but how much more curious is it to find some animals so sensitive to its

charms as voluntarily to resort to places where they know they have a chance of gratifying their taste for it. We are told, that "an ass at Chartres used to go to the chateau of Quarville, to hear the music that was performed there. The owner of the chateau was a lady, who had an excellent voice; and whenever she began to sing, the ass never failed to draw nearer to the window, and listen very attentively. Once, when a piece was performed, which no doubt pleased him better than any he had ever heard before, he left his ordinary post, walked without ceremony into the music room, and, in order to add to the concert what he thought was wanting to render it perfect, began to bray with all his might." A writer in the Athenæum, says, "The ass is no unimportant member of the Spanish population, for he is to be seen everywhere; and he has apparently as much gratification in listening to the street-concerts as any Christian present. From the whisking of his short tail, the steady gaze of his eyes, and, above all, the pricking of his ears, you would say that he was familiar with every tune." In Heresbatch's "Four Bookes of Husbandrie," translated by Barnaby Googe, (1586,) page 125, it is stated, that asses "are very apt to be taught, (in Egypt and Barbary,) so as at this day in Alcayre you shall have them dance very mannerly, and keep measure with their musician."

It is noticed by Franzius, that stags "love music exceedingly, and are much delighted in hearing any one sing; and therefore one goeth before a stag and singeth to him, while another cometh behind him and taketh him." M. Marville observed that while a man was playing on a conch shell, a hind lifted up her large, wide ears, and seemed very attentive. Mrs. Vasey says, "If a person happen to whistle, or call at a distance, the stag stops short, and gazes

upon the stranger with a kind of silent admiration; and if he perceives neither fire-arms nor dogs preparing against him, he goes slowly forward with apparent unconcern. He seems delighted with the sound of the shepherd's pipe; which, on that account, is sometimes used to lure him to destruction." Playford, in his "Introduction to Music," says, "Travelling some years since, I met on the road near Royston, a herd of about twenty bucks, following a bagpipe and violin, which, while the music played, went forward; when it ceased, they all stood still; and in this manner they were brought out of Yorkshire to Hampton Court."

Sir William Jones, in his curious dissertation on Hindoo music, says, "that he has been assured by a creditable eyewitness, that two wild *antelopes* used often to come from their woods to the place where Sirrajuddaulah entertained himself with concerts, and that they listened to the strains with an appearance of pleasure, till the monster, in whose soul there was no music, shot one of them, to display his skill in archery."

Sheep have been long noted for their attachment to music. Heresbatch says, "A shepherd must deal lovingly and gently with his flock, comforting and cheering them with singing and whistling; for the Arabians (as Alianus writeth,) doe finde that this kind of cattle take great delight in music, and that it doth them as much good as their pasture." Franzius speaks to the same effect: "When the sheep," says he, "hear the shepherd's voice, they all get together into one place, but especially, when he singeth, for they love music exceedingly, and it maketh them feed the better; they are so delighted with it that some think they would not live long if the shepherd did not sing." This extraordinary writer also says, "the ox is exceedingly delighted in music;" and

the remark is true, for fierce bulls have in several instances been calmed into gentleness by music.

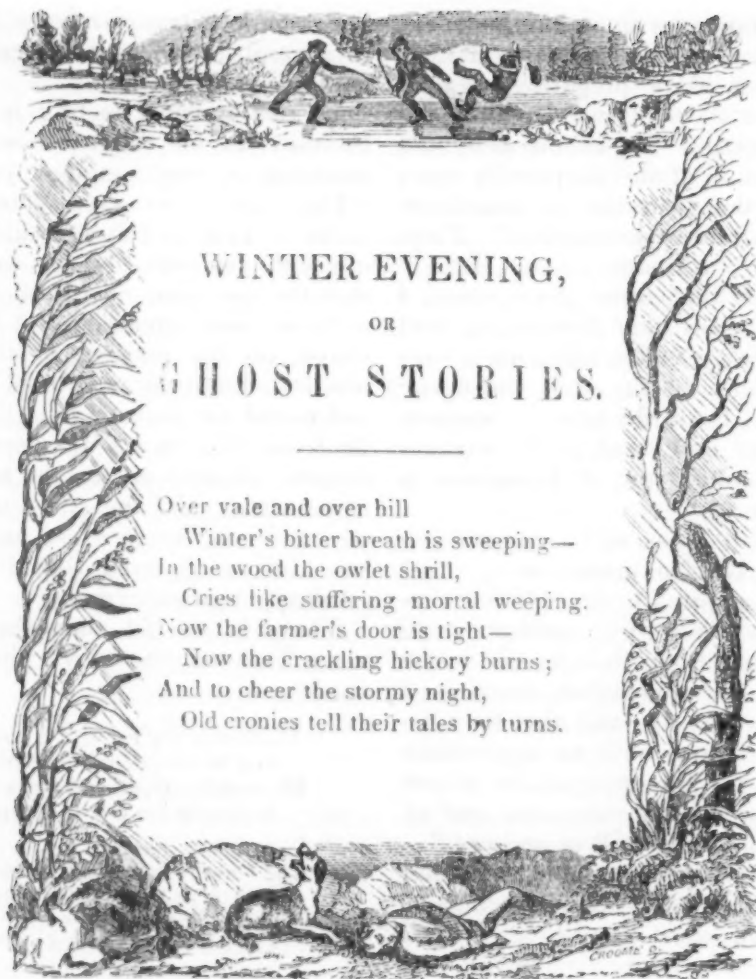
Of this musical feeling in oxen, Dr. Southey, in his "Letters from Spain," mentions a very singular instance:—"The carts," he says, "of Corunna make so loud and disagreeable a creaking with their wheels, for want of oil, that the governor once issued an order to have them greased; but it was revoked, on the petition of the carters, who stated that the oxen liked the sound, and would not draw without this music." Professor Bell, in his "History of Quadrupeds," assures us, that he has "often, when a boy, tried the effect of the flute on cows and some other animals, and has always observed that it produced great apparent enjoyment."

There is an old song that contains some lines on the cow's fondness for music:—

"There was a piper had a cow,
And he had nought to give her;
He took his pipes and played a tune,
And bade the cow consider.

The cow consider'd very well,
And gave the piper a penny
To play the same tune over again,
The corn rigs are bonnie."

IRISHMAN'S NOTION OF DISCOUNT.—It chanced one gloomy day in the month of December, that a good-humored Irishman applied to a merchant, to discount a bill of exchange for him at rather a long, though not an unusual date; and the merchant having casually remarked that the bill had a great many days to run, "That's true," replied the Irishman; "but then, my honey, you don't consider how short the days are at this time of yea."



WINTER EVENING, OR GHOST STORIES.

Over vale and over hill
Winter's bitter breath is sweeping—
In the wood the owlet shrill,
Cries like suffering mortal weeping.
Now the farmer's door is tight—
Now the crackling hickory burns;
And to cheer the stormy night,
Old cronies tell their tales by turns.

ONE cold winter evening, three boys happened to be together, named James, Ezra, and Stephen. They sat by the blazing hearth—for I am telling of what happened in the old-fashioned days, of broad flues and hickory fuel—without candles, for the light of the burning logs was sufficient to give the room a cheerful aspect. Out of doors the air was keen and bitter, and though the moon shone brightly, the light snow wreaths were driving on the wind, and occasionally came in spouts against the windows, rattling like hail upon the panes.

The boys naturally enough, talked of

the weather for a time, and then of the news, and by-and-by of other topics. At last it was proposed that one of them should tell a story. The scene can be best described in the way of dialogue

James. Come, Ezra, you tell us a story.

Ezra. Well, you tell one first.

J. O, I'm not good at telling a story.

E. Won't you tell one, Stephen?

Stephen. I'll tell one after you.

E. What shall I tell about?

S. O, anything—tell a ghost story.

E. Well, I will tell a ghost story.

There was once a house near New London, in Connecticut, situated on a lonely road, about a mile from any other dwelling. The man who built it was a farmer; and here he lived, with his wife and two children, for three years, when at last they began to hear a bell faintly ringing at night, apparently in the walls of the house.

Not much was thought of it at first, but it was so frequently repeated, that it began to attract the attention of the family. They then listened, and every night, about nine o'clock, it began to ring. The people were very superstitious, and soon they were dreadfully frightened. When they went to the spot where the mysterious sound seemed to come from, it appeared to issue from another place. Sometimes it was quick and lively, and again it was slow, and apparently at a distance. At one time it seemed to be in the parlor, and then it was in one corner of the kitchen.

The family became more and more alarmed; when the night set in, they gathered close together, and as soon as the ringing began, their faces grew pale, and they either sat in fearful silence, or whispered to each other, "there it is! there it is!"

Thus matters went on for several months, until at last the farmer and his family became so miserable that they sold the place, and removed to another town. He had not said much about the cause of his removal, for he feared people would laugh at him; and besides, he apprehended that the story might injure the character of the house, and thus prevent his selling it at a fair price.

But, by some means or other, after he had gone, the story got about, and for nearly two years the house was unoccupied. During this period it acquired the name of the "haunted house,"

which, together with its lonely situation, rendered it difficult for the person who had bought it, to find any one willing to hire it. But at last a person who did not believe in haunted houses, leased the place, and with his family went there to reside.

For about a month they heard nothing of the awful visiter, and feeling quite secure against his return, they were accustomed to make sport of the fears of their predecessors. While they were actually cracking their jokes upon the subject one winter night, about the hour of nine, there was a sudden tinkling of a bell, distinctly heard, as if in one of the rooms above.

There was a sudden start among all present. "Hark! hark!" was whispered by several voices. They listened intently; all was silent as death, when again the bell was heard, apparently more distant, but still as distinct as before! The cheeks of the wife and children grew pale, and the face of the man himself was touched with a kind of awe.

"It is certainly a bell," said he, "and no ghost."

"But who rings it?" replied his wife, drawing her chair close to his, and shivering from fear; "who rings it?"

"I cannot tell, my dear," said he, "but we will try to find out." Accordingly he took a candle, and followed the sound from one room to another. He heard it distinctly, though faintly, sometimes near, and sometimes far; but he could by no means detect the cause. At last the sound ceased, and the distracted family went to rest.

The next night the same scene occurred. At the hour of nine, the frightful notes issued again, as if from the very walls of the room, and exciting the fears of all, still baffled every attempt to discover the cause. Unlike the former proprietor, who believed that some

ghost or spirit caused the bell to ring, the present occupant rejected such a notion as absurd; and though a cold, creeping sensation would sometimes chill his blood, still he took every opportunity to endeavor to detect the truth.

While he was one evening sitting by the fire, the tinkling sound was heard more distinctly than usual, and instead of issuing from the wall, undefined and spirit-like, it seemed now to come distinctly from a cupboard in one corner of the room. The man arose, went to the cupboard, and opened the door. Instantly a small hand-bell fell from a crevice in the wall, over the cupboard, upon the floor. It had a small string tied to it, and it was now discovered, that by this string the rats were accustomed to pull about the bell in their gambols, thus giving it a tinkling sound, which seemed to issue from the walls, giving it the awful and mysterious character, which had occasioned so much terror and distress.

E. Well, that's a good story; and it puts me in mind of one which I heard Captain Lewis Smith tell. It happened when he was somewhere in the Jerseys fighting the revolution, as he calls it. It seems there was a sergeant Kitley, who, when he returned to the camp one night, declared that he had seen a spirit. He was evidently frightened, for his teeth chattered as if he was half dead with cold, and for a long time he could not muster sufficient courage to tell the story. At last he was prevailed upon to relate it, which he did as follows:

"It was a raw, blustering night," said he, "when I had occasion to walk down a lane, to the house of an old woman by the name of Warlock, who washes for the regiment. It was dark, and I had some difficulty in finding the place. At last I found it, and knocked at the door. But there was no answer returned. I lifted the latch, but I could see no-

body in the house. The fire was out, but in a corner of the room under the bed were two bright, fiery balls, which I knew to be the eyes of a cat, but they seemed to be twice as large as common.

"This made me a little skittish, for I then happened to remember that the old beldam herself is reputed a witch; and I thought to myself, that perhaps after all, it was she, sitting there under the bed, rolling up her fiery eyes at me, and pretending to be a cat. As I thought this, the eyes seemed to grow bigger and bigger. I then shut the door, and prepared to run.

"Just as I was about to start, I saw a thing as white as the driven snow and in the shape of an old woman, flying and flapping in the air, and lifting up her arms, and seeming to threaten me in the most awful manner. I tried to run, but my feet stuck to the ground. I should have screamed, but my tongue clung to the roof of my mouth, and my hair rose up so as to throw my hat off my head.

"How I contrived to pick it up I cannot say, but I heard the footsteps of some one near, and this I believe gave me courage. I caught my hat and ran as fast as my legs would carry me. A voice called after me, but I felt as light as a feather, and bounded forward like a school-boy's ball, with a sturgeon's nose in the centre. It seems to me that I went two rods at every step, and so I soon reached the barrack. But if I live to the age of Methuselah, I shall never forget the fiery eyeballs of the cat, or how old dame Warlock leaped up and down in the heavens, seeming to me as tall as a steeple."

This was the substance of Kitley's marvellous story. But as soon as it was told, Captain Smith burst into a loud laugh. This made the sergeant very angry, whereupon the captain proceeded to say that it was he who called after

him at the door of old dame Warlock ; and that the ghost he saw was only a shirt which the old dame had washed and hung to a clothes-line, and the night being windy, it was frolicing in the gale, and jumping up and down, just as the sergeant had described. This explanation excited a laugh among the company, and though it was at the expense of the sergeant, he seemed really glad to be thus relieved of his terror.

J. Very good—very good indeed, though I can hardly conceive how any one could take a piece of linen for an old woman.

E. Why, I suppose it was because the man's imagination was excited : he had, no doubt, a touch of superstition in him, and this it was that deceived him. A person who is superstitious—one who believes in ghosts and witches, and such things—is very likely to fancy that he sees them. Such a one is always meeting with wonders, particularly at night : a stump, a post, a bush, to his eye, has arms, legs, eyes and ears ; nay, it generally moves about, and often seems to do more than mortals are able to perform.

S. Then you don't believe in ghosts ?

E. Not at all. I believe that all the ghost stories are either the inventions of wicked people, or the delusions of indulged and ill-directed imagination : fancies of those who have first been led to adopt false opinions, and have then become the dupes of these opinions.

S. You are quite a philosopher ; but let me tell you a tale of one who was as incredulous as yourself. There was once a physician in Connecticut, who had occasion to stay late at night with one of his patients. It was past one o'clock when he mounted his horse to return home. It was a cold, clear winter's night, and the moon shone with uncommon brilliancy.

The physician had occasion to pass

by a small but lonely grave-yard, situated at the farther extremity of a field, near the road. As he was passing by, he cast his eye toward the grave-yard, and what was his amazement to see a figure, as if of a woman, clothed in dazzling white, proceeding slowly across the field toward the little group of tombstones.

It was almost as light as day, and it appeared impossible that the seeming vision could be an illusion, yet the physician being an habitual unbeliever in ghosts and apparitions, conceived for a moment that his senses must have deceived him. He passed his hand across his brow, as if to clear his eye, and recalled the events of the day, to discover if he was not dreaming. He then looked again, and still the image was there, gliding, as if upon the air, and with a noiseless step, over the snow crust, toward the graves.

For a moment the mind of the physician wavered between a chill, creeping feeling of awe and superstition, and an intense desire to know the truth. At last the latter triumphed ; and fastening his horse to a fence, he proceeded directly toward the object of his wonder. It continued to recede from him, but at last it sat down upon a grave stone, near a heap of fresh earth, removed for a tomb.

The physician approached—yet paused a moment to contemplate the mysterious figure. It seemed a woman, and as the clear moonlight fell upon the face, it appeared cold as marble, though touched with an indescribable air of melancholy. With a resolute step he advanced and laid his hand upon the shoulder of the figure. It screamed and fell to the earth.

The physician lifted the form from the ground, and discovered it to be a woman whom he knew, and whose child had died three days before. It had been in-

tered in the little burial ground, and in her sleep the mother had walked across the snowy fields, wrapped in a sheet, to visit the spot where her infant reposed!

E. So, so, master Stephen, your story after all but confirms my theory—that these tales of ghosts are only tales of illusion.

S. True—true; and I agree that

your theory of the matter is right. In ancient days, there no doubt was such a thing as witchcraft—but there is nothing of the kind now; and we may be sure that he who tells a tale of ghosts, is no more to be believed than he who tells a tale of fairies. Fairies and ghosts are, in fact, as well authenticated, the one as the other.



The White Bear.

In the cold regions of the north there are a great many wild animals, such as the reindeer, the musk ox, the silver fox, and the wolf.

But the most famous of all the savage creatures in these desolate countries is the white bear. It has a body as large as a cow, but its legs are not quite so long. It lives on the flesh of other animals, particularly that of whales, seals, and walruses, which are thrown upon the shores of the ocean.

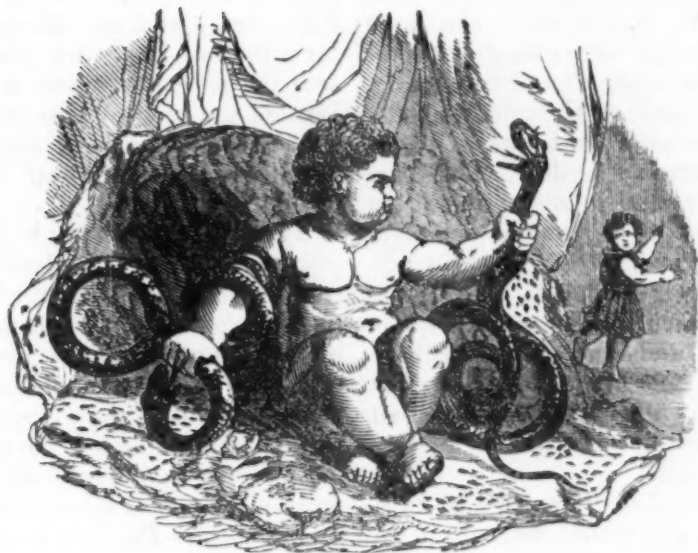
In winter, when the ground is covered with snow, these bears resort to the sea, and prowl along its borders in search of food. If the sea is frozen over, they will venture out on the ice, hoping to make a breakfast, dinner, or supper upon the carcass of some great fish, or other sea animal.

It sometimes happens that while the

bear is roaming over the ice, the latter is suddenly broken up, and the shaggy monster gets caught upon a floating fragment, where he sails about for some days. If he cannot do better, he jumps into the water and swims to the shore: but he is very loath to do this.

If one of these white bears meets a man in his cold country, he will generally walk away; if, however, he is very hungry, he will frequently give him a saucy look, or perhaps even attack him, and try to eat him up. In these wild regions men usually carry guns, and if the bears are uncivil, they shoot them; as you see in the picture.

In one of the western newspapers, the editor puts his marriages under the general head of anecdotes.



The Story of Hercules.

THE ancient Greeks, who flourished two or three thousand years ago, have left behind them a great many curious, and a great many useful records. One remarkable thing in respect to what remains of their writings, is the mixture of truth and fable they contain. Even their histories have as much poetry as fact, and we are often puzzled to separate one from the other.

The story of Hercules, one of their heroes, will serve to illustrate all this. He is represented as a man of prodigious strength, and the Greek poets have delighted to embellish his story with extravagant fictions. It is said that even while an infant in his cradle, Juno, the wife of Jupiter, sent two snakes for the purpose of killing him. His little brother was near him at the time, but he ran away in the greatest terror, while Hercules caught the snakes in his hands and instantly squeezed them to death. I cannot tell you all the marvellous actions that are attributed to this hero;

a few of the most remarkable will be sufficient.

It appears that there was a terrible lion in the country where Hercules lived, which threw the inhabitants into the greatest consternation. Hercules determined to kill him, and accordingly went to the place which he frequented. He first assailed him with arrows, but these being of no avail, he attacked him with his club.

The lion retreated, and Hercules followed him to his den. Here the monster struggled for his life, but our hero succeeded in getting his arms round his neck, and by his prodigious strength choked him to death.

There is a tale told of General Putnam, a little like this of Hercules and the lion. The General, it is said, followed the wolf into his den, and after looking him in the face, shot him dead.

It is very probable that, if Putnam had lived in the early ages of Greece, he

would have been no less famous than Hercules. We should, doubtless, have had many poems recounting his prodigious feats of strength and courage.

Another exploit of Hercules was the killing the monster with seven heads, called the Lernæan hydra. The particular manners and habits of this beast are not known to us; but he seems to have been exceedingly dreaded by the people of the neighborhood. After some skirmishes, Hercules came to close quarters with him, and beat off two or three of his heads with his club. But what was his astonishment to perceive that the heads grew out again as fast as they were knocked off!

He was a good deal puzzled at this, as I dare say you would have been in

such a case; but one of his friends, Jolas, being at hand, Hercules sent him for a red-hot iron, and directed him to sear the places over with it as fast as he beat off the heads. This prevented them from growing again, and the whole seven being beaten off, the monster died.

This will be enough to give you some idea of the wonderful actions attributed to Hercules, and which induced the Greeks, after his death, to worship him as a hero. At the present day we reverence men of superior virtue and wisdom; but in the comparatively barbarous age of which I have been speaking, divine honors were rendered to those whose chief excellence lay in bodily strength.—*Parley's Universal Hist.*

Little Chapters for little Readers.



THERE is little Anne, upon the back of old Growler!

What a good dog he is, to carry his little friend, as if he were a horse or a pony! These dogs are kind creatures; they will do almost anything you wish them to do.

I have seen dogs drawing little wag-gons along, with boys driving, and looking very wise and sober, all the time as

if it was real work, and not all play and fun.

In some countries the dogs really work very hard. Far away to the north, it is winter almost all the year, and there is a great deal of snow. In those places the people have sledges, to which they harness their dogs, and away they go over the snow-crust, drawing a dozen of the people behind them!



The Lost Friend.

"ONE week ago, there was a little boy playing here; I wish that I could see him now. I liked that little boy. I did not know why I liked him. I see a great many boys every day, but none looked so gay and so happy as he did. They told me he was ill. He cannot be still ill, for his cheek was soft and fair, and his step was strong. He was as old as I am, but not older; and when sometimes I have been ill, I have very soon got well again. Perhaps this woman can tell me where to find him. I am sure she is kind, for she stayed to give some money to that old man with white hair, who walks with a crutch; and she smiled too, as if she loved to do good. I will ask her, and she will take me to him.

"Good woman, will you tell me where I can find a little boy who played here last week, with bright hair like gold, and eyes that looked kind, and seemed to say that he was happy?"

When little Alice Grey had said this, the woman, to whom he spoke, led her by the hand to where an old church stood; ivy had grown all over its walls, and round it on every side were graves; a great, great many. Some of them had cold white stone over them; others had only flowers planted round, and pretty trees grew there, with long

branches bent down, as if they too wept for the dead. There was a little mound of earth, that must have been newly made, for the grass over it was not fresh or green, but looked as if it had been cut up with a spade, and there were no flowers yet round about it.

When the woman came to the grave, she said, in a low, sad voice, "The little boy with the bright hair and the happy eye is laid there to sleep."

Then Alice wept very much and said, "Mamma has often told me of this, but I did not think it would come so very true;" and she cried a great deal, and sat down beside the little grave, and said, "Six days ago I saw him, and now he has gone away: he will never play any more; yet, then he looked quite well and happy. He did not join with the other boys when they were bad; he did not even run after the blue butterflies; he said it might hurt them. Good little boy! he liked better to gather the wild flowers that grew about; and now, perhaps, he is gathering flowers in God's own garden, in heaven." When the woman saw that Alice was herself a good child, she sat down by her side, and took her hand in hers and said, "Yes, God is good, and he puts it into our hearts to hope and to think that the little child is happy in heaven, that we

may not be too sorry for his having gone away.

"He never wished to do evil; he loved everybody and everything that was good. He was gentle, and was never heard to speak what was not true; he was good to the poor, and when he had nothing else to give them, he gave them kind words, so that all blessed him; and God too will bless him, for he loves those who love him; so that we should not grieve that he is taken away, but be happy that he was ready to go. God calls the strong as well as the weak; little children as well as old people; and it may be, that you or I may soon be laid by the side of the

little child. Shall we pray that by his side, also, we may see God when we rise from the grave?"

Then little Alice knelt by her side, and laid her head on the grave and prayed; and when they got up, she could not go again and play in the very spot where a few days before she had seen that pretty child at play; so that she went home, and put her arms round her mother's neck, and said, "Mamma, teach me to be good, for God has taken a little child like me to the grave, and, perhaps, he may take me too before I am ready for heaven, if I do not from this very day begin to please him more."



The Walk.

"My boy, get your hat, and come with me. The day is so fine and dry, that we can walk out. Take hold of my hand, and let us go and feel the warm sun.

"We will go and see a poor man, and take him some food. He is very old and lame, and has no meat, and no bread, and no milk. We will give him some of ours; we can put the milk into a jug, and take the meat in a plate,

and you shall also take some bread to him.

"He will be so glad to see us, poor man! He will say, I thank you; and he will eat the nice food that we take him."

"May we take him some soup too?"

"Yes, it will warm him, for he has got no fire, and he sits in his room, and is often very cold. He is not able to run and get warm, for he is lame. We can take him a book, too, for he can read

Now we have got to his house. Look, the poor man has a cat: she often sits by his side, and curls her tail, and when he pats her she says, 'purr, purr.'"

"Poor puss! I must feed you, too, and pat your soft back. Do not run away, I will not hurt you."

"The good old man is not here; he is gone out; so we will put down the food for him and soon come and see him again."

"Thank you, mamma, I like so much to walk with you."

Discontented Betty.

ONE morning as Betty sat milking her cow,
And thinking as much as her time would allow,
A neighbor came by who had known her for years,
To whom Betty confided her cares and her fears.

"Well, Betty, and how do you like your new place?"

Said she, "you're looking in very good case!"
"Indeed," replied Betty, "I never was worse,
For I find I am expected to slave like a horse;
By four in the morning I'm up at my work;
(Then there is nothing to live on but cabbage and pork!)

I've to wash, and to brew, and to dairy and bake,

And eight or nine beds every morning to make,
Besides keeping clean every place you can look in;

But the greatest annoyance, by far, is the cooking!"

Her friend, who had patiently heard all she said,
Observed, with a sigh and a shake of the head—
"Indeed, my dear Betty, contentment is wealth,
Though you have plenty to do, you have excellent health;

I assure you, (believe it or not as you please.)
I had rather be you, making butter and cheese,
Than the idle fine lady who lives at her ease!"

WHAT boxes govern the world? The cartridge-box, the ballot-box, the jury-box, and the band-box.—*New York Paper.*

HOPE.

THE WORDS AND MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM.

1. The lark whose morning song is gay, At eve-ning hath a

Andantino.

pen-sive lay. The thrush that ca-rol'd blithe at morn, Sits si-lent now in

yon-der thorn. But eve-ning hath no frown for me; No spec-tres in its

gloom I see—For hope, fond hope, looks thro' the night, And finds beyond its worlds of light.

2.

Then let the sun go deeply down,
 And evening o'er the landscape frown—
 My thoughts on wings of hope shall rise
 To yon fair orbs beyond the skies.

And if, awhile, we tread the glade
 Where clouds and darkness cast their shade,
 Yet here—e'en here—hope's wizard wand
 Shall stud the gloom with stars beyond.